

Report of . . .

Dr. C. C. Adams

Corresponding Secretary

FOREIGN MISSION BOARD

National Baptist Convention

U. S. A., Inc.

On Trip To Africa

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MARCH 16 - JUNE 1, 1945



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This brief report to the pastors and churches of the National Baptist Convention and the general public, on my recent trip to Africa, is lovingly dedicated to my devoted and faithful wife, Mrs. Ethel Adams, who for more than twenty years has been my constant helper and unfailing source of inspiration, by her beautiful life exemplified in Christian faith, sacrifices and unselfishness in periods of deepest sorrow and darkness, all of which space and time prohibit recounting here, but is herewith humbly and graciously acknowledged.

C O N T E N T S

	Page
Prelude to Leaving Philadelphia and U. S. A.	9
In Miami	10
Over Cuba	11
Leaving for Port of Spain, Trinidad, B. W. I.	11
Departure for Belem, Brazil	12
Leaving Paramaribo, Suriname	13
In Natal	14
Leaving Natal for Africa and Liberia by the Long, Roundabout Way	14
Witnessing a Sunrise at Sea From an Airplane	15
Ascension Island	17
The Take-off and Arrival at Accra, Gold Coast, West Africa	18
Leaving Accra on the Last Lap of the Journey to Liberia	21
A Brief Summary of the Carrie V. Dyer Memorial Hospital and Its Needs	25
Needs	26
Bendoo Industrial Mission	26
Missions and Stations of Other Boards Visited	28
Special Mention of Dr. Horton's Work	29
Special Mention	30
The Timeliness of My Visit	30
Liberia's Natural Resources	31
The Beauty of Liberia	32
The Way I Traveled	32
Receptions and Gifts	34
Some Definite Conclusions about Christian Missions.....	35
Annual Budget of \$200,000—Our Need	37
The Place of Christian Diplomacy in Missions	37
Liberia	38
Back to the Point of Diplomacy in Missions	39
Liberia Calls for a New Type of Diplomacy	40
The Return Trip Home	42



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REPORT OF HIGHLIGHTS ON
TRIP TO AFRICA

March 16 to June 1, 1945

— BY —

DR C. C. ADAMS
Corresponding Secretary

of the

Foreign Mission Board of the National Baptist
Convention, U. S. A., Inc.

Prelude to Leaving Philadelphia and U. S. A.

The testimonial given me by the pastors and churches of Philadelphia at the New Bethlehem Baptist Church, on Friday night, March 9, will ever be memorial. The kind words of interest expressed, the many prayers offered and the many tokens given—including a fine \$250.00 Longine-Whitnauer watch—stirred me to the depths of my soul. Out-of-town brethren, even from other states, came bearing gifts and words fraught with the interest of love. Rev. Joseph Williams, from Wilmington, represented Delaware, Doctors H. T. Borders, H. G. Pope, J. H. Burks and others came from Newark along with Dr. C. T. Wilcher, representing the North Jersey brotherhood. They greatly cheered and encouraged my heart for the long and uncertain journey and left no doubt as to their heartfelt interest in the great cause I was going to represent. Again I say to one and all of these friends, I thank you.

The last few days before leaving were spent in my office, New York and Washington, ironing out matters and setting in order the affairs of the office. I am deeply grateful to Dr. Marshall L. Shepard, chairman of the Foreign Mission Board, for 'going to bat' in Washington with the White House and the State Department and securing priority for air travel, without which it would have been impossible to make the trip at the height of the war.

On March 16th, the day of departure from Philadelphia, I was accompanied to the train by my wife, Rev. L. G. Carr and Rev. T. B. Livingston. The emotional tension on the part of Mrs. Adams and myself was high, but concealing my feelings as best I could, I bade good-bye to all. Soon the train moved away and I was definitely on my way to Africa, the first lap of the trip taking me to Miami, Fla., where the final routine details were to be arranged for the actual air voyage. I

had already made four air trips—three to the Bahama Islands and one to Chicago—but this trip was destined to take me more than 19,000 miles through the air into many countries of strange customs and languages and over mountains, desert wastes and seas.

IN MIAMI

In Miami I witnessed another warm and cheering farewell at the great, new and beautiful Mt. Zion Baptist Church, Dr. J. R. Evans, pastor, on Tuesday, March 20, at 8 P. M. Here, as in Philadelphia, led by Dr. Evans, were gift tokens, songs, prayers and expressions of interest and goodwill, for which I am most appreciative and grateful. I should not have omitted to mention that I stopped in Jacksonville, on my way down, and preached for Dr. C. A. Weaver at the Day Spring Baptist Church. It is a wonderful church, loyal to missions. Having forgotten to bring a Bible from home, Dr. Weaver lent me his choice Bible, saying that he was not going to Africa but he would send his Bible.

On Wednesday morning, March 21, the take-off day, Dr. Evans drove me to the airport and remained with me until time to board the plane, which was one of the Pan American's great, four-engine, airway, sea-going planes. Twenty-odd passengers—most of them going to as many different places and for varied purposes—were aboard. No sooner than seated, the four mighty engines began humming, ever louder and faster; the ship increased her speed still faster for the take-off flight. She baptized herself with great splashes of water and flooded the windows so that outside vision, for a brief time, was shut off. Soon she rose gradually and gracefully above the water and began what all aboard hoped and thought was the first leg of the journey. We were destined to be disappointed, for after we had been out at sea for about forty-five minutes, trouble developed. One of the four engines went dead; then a second engine quit. So we turned around and headed back to Miami. Limping in the air and coming down on the water, we had to be hauled to port. By now we had been out two hours and found our-

selves where we took off, with the prospect of spending another night in Miami. Fortunately, the trouble was not very serious and we took off again at 2 P. M., exactly three hours late; but I was thankful, even at that, to be on the way to Africa.

OVER CUBA

At 5:30, the same afternoon, we were flying over the beautiful and picturesque island of Cuba. It was a lovely sight to behold from the air: towering, rugged mountains, luxuriant growth, small, nestling fields of rice, sugar cane, coconut and banana groves, all romantic with charm and beauty. From there, we were headed straight to Port-au-Prince, Haiti, where we landed at 7 P. M. to spend the night. Haiti, as you doubtless know, is a Negro republic and Port-au-Prince is its capital city. It is very hilly, with many beautiful spots, fine hotels and a good school system which includes a university with a medical school. I put up at La Citadele Hotel. None of the hotels have locks and keys to the doors, but everything is safe. What a contrast to our country!

LEAVING FOR PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD, B.W.I.

At about 6 o'clock, on the morning of March 23rd, we started for the Port of Spain, British West Indies, a long hop; made a brief call stop at San Juan, P. R., and went ashore for refreshments. Here I found myself on ground of U. S. possession and was greatly surprised to discover in San Juan such a large, thriving city of about 200,000 population. We were soon off again, reaching Trinidad about 4 P. M. We landed easily and smoothly on the placid waters of Port of Spain, ploughing the water to a stop at the dock and coming ashore for the usual routine inspection. We were there for the night stopover, and soon found ourselves quartered in the large, grand Queen Park Hotel for a good and much-needed rest. Shower baths with each private room and netted beds to protect from mosquitoes are provided at all

of these hotels, but one pays the handsome price of \$6.00 per night.

DEPARTURE FOR BELEM, BRAZIL

Bright and early at 5:30, Friday morning, March 23, we again took to the air, all set to spend, as I thought, the next night at Belem and pick up reservations the next morning for Natal, which would have been in ample time for sight-seeing in Natal, and use my reservations on March 26th for Fisherman's Lake, Cape Mount, Liberia, West Coast Africa. Again I was in for a more grievous disappointment that delayed, upset and disarranged my entire plan in getting to Africa.

When we left Trinidad the morning was beautiful, the air bracing, and flying conditions perfect. I was told that we were going along at the rate of 250 miles per hour, high above the clouds that looked like great fields and banks of perfectly white snow. It is strange how, being above all objects, there is absolutely no sensation of speed two miles up in the air. The plane seems to be standing still, beating the air above mountains, sea, land and towns. The trip from Miami largely skirts the Atlantic Ocean all the way to Natal, and it is only when one leaves Natal for the hop across that one sees no more land, except an occasional small island, until Africa is reached.

Thus far we had skirted and passed over many beautiful islands—all riots of beauty—including St. Thomas, the Virgin Islands, Antigua, B.W.I., and St. Lucia. Everything still was going well when we landed briefly on the Demerara River at Georgetown, British Guiana. In less than an hour out of Georgetown we began to run into storms, and for the next three or four hours the plane fought with the elements, buckling, climbing, and dropping into air pockets. All passengers were strapped in their seats—hearts in their mouths from fear of impending crash. We thankfully made it to Paramaribo, Suriname, Dutch Guiana, where we were grounded and forced to spend the night of March 23rd. This is one of the many uncertainties of air travel, especially in

time of war. My hope of early and uninterrupted passage to Africa was suddenly blasted and I was much perturbed amid a people of strange customs and language to whom I could not talk. I had to pray much to adjust myself to the disarranged plan and to reassure myself that I was not, after all, alone with strangers, but that Jesus was with me; that He never leaves nor forsakes those who invite and trust Him, and would make what seemed to me a bad situation work to a better end. This He verified to me on this trip by many infallible proofs.

LEAVING PARAMARIBO, SURINAME

The night having been spent between fitful sleep and listening to the wind blow, I wondered whether it would ever stop and how long I would be forced to remain in that—to me—awful place. It was impossible, no matter how long, to leave until the storm broke. Just after daybreak the last storm and heavy downpour came, which at first seemed to doom me there for another day and night; but soon it cleared and the sun appeared.

At 9:30 A. M., Saturday, March 24, we took off again for Belem. Much of the journey was over desert wastes of mountains, without any trace of human beings or civilization. About 2:30 P. M. I had my first thrill and experience of crossing the equator. I was truly on the other side of the world. Then, on and on we crossed high above the much read-of and talk-about Amazon River with its mighty stretches and meandering turns, and finally reached Belem about 4 P. M., almost twenty-four hours late. After severe inspection, I was driven to the Grande Hotel, where I put up. Belem is a great city of about 300,000 population and is one of the worst hotbeds of malaria in the world. I was forced to remain there for four days, but all the while making desperate efforts to get away. I finally established priority through the American Consulate and the commanding officer of the Naval observation post, U. S. A., and left by clipper Wednesday, March 28, at 7 A. M., arriving in Natal, after short stops along the way, at 3 P. M. Had it not been for

priority, there is no telling how long I might have remained in Belem, as Brazil has no other means of distant travel—no trains, buses or ships for long hauls. Brazil is a large country—much larger than the United States—most of it undeveloped, without roads and inhabitants. Yet it is a great country with great possibilities.

IN NATAL

I landed here on March 28th. My plane having left on the 26th, I was greatly at sea as to what to do. Pan American Airways would not have another plane to Liberia before April 18, and probably longer. Thus I had to dig in somewhere and try to find a way out before that time, if possible. I established myself in the Grande Hotel. (Same name as the one in Belem. What connection, if any, I do not know.) All the people in Liberia had long looked for me, had met several planes, and were still expecting my arrival each day by some means, they knew not what. I began to send more costly cables (as I had done in Belem) home and to different persons in Liberia, explaining the hold-up. Next, I began contacting the Army officials and American Consulate here for priority in an Army transport plane. All were most kind and considerate, and on the ground of my priority on the Pan American Airways, I succeeded, after eight days of feverish activity, in securing the privilege of leaving by Army plane, which also meant that I had to buy another ticket at higher rate and over a distance of more than twice that direct from Natal to Liberia. But time and getting to Africa was the essential thing to me.

LEAVING NATAL FOR AFRICA AND LIBERIA BY THE LONG, ROUNDABOUT WAY

On Thursday, April 5, about 10 P. M., I boarded the huge four-engine, 1800-horse-power Army transport plane with about thirty-five soldiers being taken to the Army front. It was only then I learned that I was to be taken over some combat territory. I had not asked or expected that, but there it was. I was instructed, along with the soldiers, to

put on my life jacket and keep it on. "Mae West" is the Army's pet name for the jacket.) There was danger of being shot from the air, and I was instructed how to inflate it in case of emergency. I listened attentively, knowing well I could do nothing with all that water in the Atlantic, should the plane come down or be shot down. So I asked the Lord to keep it up until time to land in right fashion, and felt sure He would.

Soon the plane sped down the runway, rose, circled the field and headed like a bullet into the darkness over the Atlantic Ocean amid rain, lightning and thunderstorms; but I felt no uneasiness as I had committed all to the Lord and had been given assurance of Him, before I left Natal, that all would be well.

WITNESSING A SUNRISE AT SEA FROM AN AIRPLANE

Before daybreak the storm ceased, but far below us was a floor of clouds that completely obscured the ocean. Overhead, the sky was perfectly clear blue. About two hours from Ascension Island, suddenly appeared a scene of wonder, awe, grandeur and beauty indescribable that so thrilled and filled me with holy emotion, I am sure I shall never forget it. It was the scene of a sunrise at sea from an airplane ten thousand feet above the Atlantic Ocean. I was tempted to write a description of it, and did. I know all too well that I did not do it justice, that it is not in my power, nor in the power of the most gifted of men. It is one of the many things unlawful to describe, the secret of which God has reserved to Himself. Now I am tempted to pass my poor description on to any and all who care to read it. Here it is:—

It was on the morning of April 6, 1945. The night had been stormy. All had been black darkness. No beauty from anywhere could be seen. Then, as the light of day was dawning, there was a great calm—clouds below and blue sky above. The sun was below the great floor of clouds, and had not showed his fiery face. I gazed through the peephole of the transport plane, looking at what I regarded

at the time as a very beautiful scene, for the real wonder was just in the making and had not fully appeared. As I sat looking, I tried to call to mind the most beautiful scenery I had ever witnessed. I thought of the rainbow-ringed sky of my boyhood days in Tennessee, after a summer shower, and the scenery of hills, mountains, valleys, plains, winding rivers, placid lakes and heaving, surging seas. Then, of the awe-inspiring spectacle of sunrise from Pike's Peak, and of my repeated journeys in planes across the strip of water from Miami to the Bahama Islands, high above and looking down upon great banks, plains, valleys and mountains of clouds as the sun shone upon them. I was unable to decide to my satisfaction which of all these was the most beautiful.

Now I was about to see something new and different in every respect from what I had ever seen. Even yet the sun had not shown his face above the clouds, as if acting deliberately backstage. We were headed due east when suddenly the eastern horizon seemed to catch on hallowed fire, and as seconds came and went, the floor of the clouds below took on a bright, crimson hue while those farther to the east burst into leaping flames. Still, all this time the King of Day had not put in his visible appearance. I found myself in a state of awe and momentary wonder whether the King was angry and about to vent his spleen by setting the earth, sea and heavens afire, consuming everything like snowflakes melting before intense heat. Presently, as I watched the panoramic change of colors without lifting my gaze—fearing I would miss something in the show of the heavens—all the clouds, as far as the eye could behold in all directions, were turned into raging conflagrations, then gradually tempered into peaceful-appearing, gold-ripened, waving wheatfields shaken by soft, gentle winds, and ready for the harvest. Where a break appeared in the clouds, showing the green water of the sea, the scene was like green meadows interspersed with rich harvest fields. Added to this were great castles of granite, formed by the high peaks of towering clouds and thunderheads that stood far above the clouds. So beautiful, glorious and realistic did this appear

that all thoughts of the sea, ten thousand feet below, were lost and there was a momentary urge to rise from my seat and open the door as I would the door of a house in a beautiful country, and run to enjoy some of the joy and beauty of this wonderland. The temptation was short-lived as I realized I was just seeing the grandeur of a sunrise at sea from a plane.

Now the face of the sun was seen and the fierce heat was felt through the closed windows. It seemed to leap and shout over the mastery of night and clouds and appeared to have sprung suddenly out of the sea. On such a level was it with our direction and seemingly so much in our direct path, that a head-on collision appeared imminent. Behind and through it all, I saw the glorious majesty and wisdom of God having His way and working His purposes in the earth, sea and heavens. Such is the best I can describe the scene of a sunrise at sea from an airplane, the most wonderful thing I have ever seen, and the only thing that makes any comparable approach to it was a sunset later seen at sea while in Grand Bassa, Liberia.

ASCENSION ISLAND

We reached Ascension Island on Friday morning, April 6, about 9 o'clock, and stopped thirty minutes for refueling and breakfast. This is a small island, far out in the Atlantic Ocean, a British possession, not more than four miles in length and less than half that in width at the widest point. All except what is known as green mountain, which has growth and is very beautiful, is barren rock and refuse of extinct volcanic action of many bygone centuries. It is rich in historic sentiment, but otherwise than as a fueling base and a lookout post, I could see no appeal. American working men and soldiers were there, just as they are found in most parts of the globe during the global war, and will be for a long time after the war.

THE TAKE-OFF AND ARRIVAL AT ACCRA, GOLD COAST, WEST AFRICA

Having spent eleven hours in a non-stop hop from Natal to Ascension Island, we soon took off up a steep hill and down it and over the Atlantic Ocean again for another stretch of eight and one-half hours to Accra, Gold Coast, West Africa (so called because of the abundance of gold found there). At 3 P. M., we were informed of our height and time of day, and that we were again crossing the equator and back on the north side of the world again. This showed how far south I had been and explains how one must cross the equator four times in making a round trip to Africa from Miami by the Natal route. We were also advised to keep a lookout for submarines and, if any were sighted, we were to report the same to the captain of the ship. We discovered later that the Germans were too well beaten to be of much harm so far from the homeland.

About an hour from Accra, the west coast of Africa was sighted from ten thousand feet in the air. As the plane skirted the ocean, I got the first glimpse of Africa, my fatherland, the home of my great-great-grandfathers. I was thrilled to the depths of my soul, and emotion crowded emotion as I watched the shoreline of mountains, rocks, plains, rivers and valleys stretched along the ocean's surging, white, foamy outline beating against African soil.

At 6:30 P. M. I stepped from the plane in Accra, on African soil, for the moment wondering if I was dreaming; but all my senses of proportion soon assured me that I was not dreaming—it was a fact. I was really in Africa—a long, fond dream realized by the grace of God. I could but thank God and praise Him for His unspeakable goodness, and my heart welled in gratitude to the Baptists of the National Baptist Convention, whose confidence, prayers and money made it possible, in their stead, to do service for Christ in world evangelization.

I landed at the airport of the Army, where the United States and Great Britain jointly operate a great base, and

put up for my stay there in the base headquarters. This is about five miles from the city of Accra, in full view from that distance, but one is not allowed to leave the Army reservation without special permission.

The night having been spent in restful sleep, I arose early on the morning of April 7, secured and armed myself with papers of permission to leave the reservation. I set out by bus to Accra and got my first experience of contact with the native Africans in their customs, cities and towns of mud huts with thatched roofing, with here and yonder a touch of western civilization. All acted as though they knew me and had been looking for me for a long time. They bowed, scraped, smiled, and greeted me in words, I know not what, but which reassured me that I was in welcome and safe hands. A boy, about twelve years of age, by the name of Sammie Balm, took charge of me, calling me "Pa", as they call all American Negro men (women are "Ma"), as soon as I stepped from the bus. He insisted that I go by his house and meet his family, which I did. He would be at the end of the bus line each day, looking and waiting for me. It did not take me long to learn why he was so interested in me. It was for the tips—"dash", as they call them—he received. All of them look for "dash" and are never satisfied with the amount given. One "dash" always prepares the way to come back for the next. They seem to think all colored Americans have plenty of money and are on a mission to give them money, and not the Gospel.

I visited their shops, and market places, met chiefs, many stark naked, some with just a cloth about the waist, some half-dressed and others with long, bright, flowing cloths draped about them or carried on their arms. All seemed contented and satisfied in their crudeness, which reminds me of the words of John Stuart Mill when he said, "I would rather be a dissatisfied human being than a satisfied pig." They are very kind and are natural artists and musicians. Their wood carvings, hand paintings and other work of many kinds, made from palm fabrics and African grasses, and hand-made country cloth, made from native cotton, are all

sought after and shipped to the ends of the earth as rare prizes.

I met my first chief in a full-dress native court. He stopped proceedings and received me. He is a young man who had just succeeded his father, who had died only two weeks before. He is well educated and speaks good English. It is regrettable that such a well-learned and young man should be an instrument for the perpetuation of heathenism for the sake of gain and an easy life—for the chiefs live on the fat of the land. His name and address:

Niiteiko Ansa, II
Frempong, We Asere Quarters
Accra, Gold Coast, West Africa

When I left, he requested that I pray for him, and there have not been many days since that I have not mentioned him in my prayers, and shall continue to do so with the hope that God may touch his heart with saving grace and turn his great influence to the saving of his people. The Africans' kind hearts make a natural field for the Gospel of Christ. This young chief claims to be a Christian and has membership in a church.

In Accra I hired a car and drove seven miles beyond to the much publicized Achimota College, an all-African institution with university status, an extension of London University, and supported by the British Government. I had heard much about it, but never dreamed I would see it. Space does not permit an attempted description here, but I was greatly and favorably impressed with it. It fully measured up to my expectations and, in many respects, beyond them.

I spent four interesting and profitable days in Accra and the Gold Coast. At the end of my visit, I thanked God that my previous plan had been so disarranged that I had been forced to come this long, roundabout way to reach Liberia, as I saw many things and much of Africa which otherwise I could not have seen and experienced. The Lord took away the former to give me the latter.

LEAVING ACCRA ON THE LAST LAP OF THE JOURNEY TO LIBERIA

Tuesday, April 10, at 8 A. M., I boarded another Army air transport plane, very much satisfied with my stay in Accra and relieved by the feeling that after a six-hour flight I would, in all probability, be in Liberia, the goal of my journey. We flew all the way up the African Atlantic coast, going due north across French Ivory Coast and Sierra Leone, and landed in Liberia at Roberts Field American base at 3 P.M. Again I thanked God for His mercy and goodness in permitting me to set foot safe on the soil of the Republic of Liberia, my ultimate goal, after the hectic, long, out-of-the-way journey to reach there. Still, I was fifty or sixty miles from Monrovia, with no travel convenience to that point; no one to meet me (as I thought) as no one knew when I was coming or where I would land. Still, I felt happy and relieved to know I was at last in Liberia. While pondering over the thought of how to get to Monrovia, I had the happy surprise of being met by Chaplain Capt. John B. Falconer. I found he had been looking for me and meeting planes for days. He drove, in his jeep, to his quarters and lodged me for the afternoon and night.

The next morning, April 11, Capt. Falconer drove me to Monrovia, going through the Firestone reservations and rubber farms of one million acres. It is a commanding sight to behold. During my stay in Liberia, I made four trips there to study it. It is a community and township with stores, shops, ice factory, brickyard, modern lighting and communication systems. Besides rubber, they specialize in other plants. It is the sole market for all the rubber produced in Liberia and one of the main sources of revenue for the Liberian Government. It employs about 40,000 Liberians. To my way of seeing it, Firestone is a Godsend to Liberia. In bare necessities, example and inspiration, it is the economic life-blood of Liberia.

As I approached and entered Monrovia, my feelings were indescribable. The city unfolded with an aura of sac-

redness from the distance at my first approach, and I felt like exclaiming: "Veni! vidi!"—if not "vici!"

The location of our hospital, the Carrie V. Dyer Memorial, as I entered the city, made it naturally my first place to stop. I noted with critical and admiring eyes that the hospital sits on a high, large and commanding plot, with two stories and basement, and an annex, built within the last two years, with two stories for kitchen and dining room, connected by a covered and useable gangway with the main building. A septic tank has been added, and the two-story, stone nurses' home was about completed. I found the hospital painted white, clean and well-kept. It was crowded with patients and a staff of twenty nurses and helpers, with a name of high credit for service. My stopping place had been arranged in the large and beautiful home of the Honorable William E. Dennis, Secretary of the Treasury of the Republic of Liberia. It seemed that everybody had been expecting my coming for a long time, and my welcome from the President down was most cordial. It was a real joy to be in a country where Negroes are the first and last word in everything.

Mrs. Mattie Mae Davis met me in Monrovia, having been there for several days in expectation of my arrival. Our meeting was a gladsome one. This was Wednesday, April 11. I remained in Monrovia until Friday, the 13th, an annual date declared by Presidential proclamation as a holiday of prayer and fasting. Mrs. Davis and I left that afternoon for Suehn, going to White Plains by car and crossing the St. Paul River in a canoe at Millsburg, where we were met by Suehn's station wagon and driven to Suehn.

I was again eagerly expectant for my first view of Suehn. To my great surprise, workers and students had assembled at the arched gateway leading to the campus and, with song after song dedicated to my welcome, they made the air ring with joy and welcome. To further express their joy at my arrival, they drilled and marched in a great, wide circle of the whole student body. It was beautiful to behold and a thrilling joy to experience. This reception was repeated at all stations I visited.

Settled on the campus, at the earliest possible time, I began seeing Suehn at first hand: its farms of 3,225 acres, its rubber plantation of 100 acres and more than 25,000 rubber trees (of which 7,000 are being tapped this year), its grape-fruits, oranges, lemons, bananas, palm nuts, cassava, eddoes, rice patches, or farms, its cattle, sheep, goats and chickens. its teachers, workers, children, students, school, church and above all, its great light and service to all the surrounding sections—including chiefs and tribes—with its five out-stations and churches. To see what has been done with so little, is the only way to believe it. No one could tell me all that has been done and is being done at Suehn, and expect me to believe it all short of seeing it. Mrs. Davis, with her workers and very limited equipment, has proven herself a wonder and the favorable talk of Liberia. She has made Suehn, without a single permanent, completed building, a showplace and center of inspiration for all Liberia. She has proven herself an educator, an administrator, a business woman, a rubber expert and, above all, a hard worker. She helped with her own hands to plant all those many rubber trees, and superintended all of it by staying in the field often from early morning until late evening. Each hole had to be dug three feet deep, two and one-half feet at the bottom and three feet at the top. Just think of 25,000 such holes! I told Mrs. Davis I could not see how it was done, but there it was, and I had to confess it.

After seeing all I could, I got down to the main work of my mission of mapping and planning to meet the needs, immediate and future, for a long time to come. Here another teacher was placed, a farm department organized with six full-time workers with a head man in charge. I arranged for fifteen full-time workers on the rubber plantation and two men on the campus as watchmen and helpers. I had the campus surveyed, and plans are being made for a building program over a period of ten years, calling first for a girls' dormitory, boys' dormitory, administration building, chapel, laundry, clinic, library, mechanical and agricultural building, and teachers' cottages (all to be built of brick or concrete). and the possible damming of the creek on the campus for a

hydro-electric plant. This plan is being worked out by Mr. H. R. Robinson, of Washington, D. C., an engineer of the Liberian Centennial Planning Mission and one of America's greatest builders. I know this sounds like—and is—big money, but we are fully able and all we need is the willingness. The American Negro's destiny, as well as the Liberian's rests in Liberia, for Liberia is the judgment seat, whether we like it or not, from whence the verdict, favorable or otherwise, on all the Negroes in the world, is to be handed down as to whether Negroes are capable of self-determination and self-government; and in self-defense, if for no other reason, we must help Liberia meet the test.

For the benefit of Miss Gladys East's many friends, I am glad to say that she is happy, satisfied, smiling, and looking well and injecting herself into the work in a fine way.

I paid two visits to Suehn; spent Sunday, April 15, there, and preached in the morning at the school church, including the five out-station churches. Three chiefs and many of the outside natives who had been notified of my coming were there. They were anxious to see and hear the man from "big" America, as they call it. Because so many could not understand English, I had my first experience of speaking through an interpreter to good effect, for when the invitation was extended in the same way, some 100 came forward to accept Christ. I preached at night, too, to the native church in the same fashion. Thus was realized my dream of preaching to the heathen. After that I preached everywhere I went and, on most occasions, through an interpreter, but to fine effect.

My four-day visit to the Bible Industrial Academy, known and respected throughout that section as B. I. A., at Fortsville, Grand Bassa County, was in many ways a hard and exciting one; yet I enjoyed it. The trip was made in part by plane, a long journey in a canoe up the St. John River to Hartford, and a fifteen-mile walk to and from the school in the broiling sun. At the termination of both of these walks there was not a dry stitch on me. The water was pouring from me; not a drop to drink for many hours, with sea, rivers,

creeks and wells all about; but I was warned to drink only boiled water.

Miss Priscilla A. Bryan has been our faithful head there for a long time, and she has done a good job of it. The school lives and thrives on prayer, song and devotions from early morning until early bedtime. The school is located on 650 acres of fine land. It has a large, two-story zinc-and-lumber building, a new, two-story boys' dormitory, a large teachers' cottage, a kitchen and dining room for students, and also one for teachers. There are about 150 students and six teachers, with the two we secured while there. One is a native young preacher with an A.B. degree. There is a growing farm, some sheep, chickens and ducks. My welcome there was made with speeches, songs and flowers. The girls gave me a reception, surrounding me in a circle and, as they marched around, literally covered me with flowers. Regretfully, I found Miss Bryan very sick in bed and unable to be up during my stay there. I had her sent to our hospital in Monrovia. When I went to see her just before leaving Monrovia for home, she had improved somewhat. I prayed for her early recovery.

A BRIEF SUMMARY OF THE CARRIE V. DYER MEMORIAL HOSPITAL AND ITS NEEDS

The hospital consists of a main two-story and basement building, a two-story annex (built within the last two years) for kitchen and dining room purposes and connected to the main building by a long, covered and useable gangway. The recently constructed two-story Powell Nurses Home, a septic tank, and a few small outhouses are also included in the hospital. There is a staff of twenty workers, nurses and student nurses. It is beautifully painted, clean and well-kept. It is always crowded with patients, white and colored, including soldiers and government workers. An average of six to eight babies are delivered weekly, most of the time, and in the last two years more than thirty major operations have been performed successfully, including amputations, tumors and Caesareans. A Caesarean operation was performed there the day I left Monrovia. The hospital has the reputation

of refusing to let its patients die. Sometimes they beg to be let alone to die out of their sufferings. Such was the case of Deacon Bryant, of the Providence Baptist Church, for two weeks while I was there. His leg was amputated above the knee, but he was out of danger when I left. While I was there, the hospital was re-organized with a board of managers, headed by the Hon. Lester A. Walton, and co-ordinated with the U. S. Health Mission and the government hospital. Our hospital was for years the only one open in the city and that section of the country. Surely it is a Godsend.

NEEDS

Another registered nurse, at once, \$2,000.00 for instruments and equipment, \$500.00 for electric plant, a station wagon, another building the size of the present main building, a doctors' residence, an annex built to the nurses' home for headquarters and rest for missionaries.

BENDOO INDUSTRIAL MISSION

After many trials and failures by reason of disarranged plans and poor travel conditions, I finally reached Benao, our oldest station in Africa. Brother Cyrus had met planes three or four times and expected me for weeks until I finally showed up on May 18th. I left the plane at Fisherman's Lake, near Roberts Port in Cape Mount County. Twelve miles across the clear waters of Fisherman's Lake Bendoo could be distinctly seen. High on a hill, the school was the largest and most conspicuous thing. After much ado and a long, hot walk, I secured a canoe and started across the 12-mile lake. I met Brother Cyrus in the middle of the lake, coming to get me, and in about two hours I entered Bendoo school.

After greeting Mrs. Cyrus, teachers and school, and a brief rest, I began a round of inspection. First of all, I visited the tombs of our heroic dead, buried there on the hill overlooking Fisherman's Lake. I found five graves, well marked by fitting tombstones kept clean and whitewashed by Principal Cyrus. The sacred, memorial dead are: Mrs. J. H. Presley, Baby Presley, Baby Coles, Rev. H. N. Bouey and

his son, Louis L. Bouey. I gathered flowers and, with bowed, uncovered head and a prayer of thankfulness to God for such unselfish souls and for His grace that landed me there, I placed wreaths on all five tombs, recognizing that I was standing on holy and sacred ground. Bendoo is the scene of our first missionary efforts in Africa and as such must never be allowed to close its doors again, but must be made to realize the dreams, prayers and efforts of the pioneers and those who laid down their lives for it. Bendoo has 150 acres of land and forms a perfect cape, projecting into and fanning from Fisherman's Lake. On it are palm nuts, coconuts, grapefruit, oranges, limes, bananas, mangoes, etc. Brother Cyrus has sheep, goats and a young cow and plans for more. Mrs. Cyrus has chickens and a dog with a family of puppies, recently arrived. They also have a flourishing farm of cassava, sweet potatoes and eddoes, and a clearing has been made for rice.

The school plant consists of various neat, natively constructed mud buildings, one zinc building and a nearly completed two-story solid rock building, beautifully designed and neatly constructed from rocks found in abundance on the place. All the work on the building has been done by Brother Cyrus and his helpers. Even Mrs. Cyrus has helped to break many of the tens of thousands of rocks laid by the hands of Brother Cyrus. One thousand dollars will complete this structure that will last for more than fifty years. This amount I will send. As soon as this building is completed Brother Cyrus will begin assembling rocks for another building on a larger scale. They will be the first two units of permanent construction at Bendoo.

The school consists of four teachers and about 60 students, who were assembled for welcome and for me to see and speak to. They sang as African children can, recited, delivered welcome addresses and presented tokens. It was a joyous experience.

Bendoo is in the Vai tribe section. This tribe is considered to be the hardest to reach with the Gospel but, all in all, Brother and Sister Cyrus are doing a good job and are held

in high regard by the natives, the white people of Fisherman's Lake and the Episcopal school nearby.

I left Bendoo, happy and thankful, at 10 P.M. Brother Cyrus brought me back across the lake in pitch darkness and without any light, in his frail canoe that is only a hollowed-out tree. The tide was coming in from the ocean, the waves rolling, clouds rising, lightning flashing, thunder rolling—all threatening a storm—and some rain came before we reached shore. But the four oar boys kept beating the water until we reached shore, safe and thankful, at midnight. Then it was that the storm and rain turned on in full fashion. Many times I feared the waves would capsize the little craft, but Brother Cyrus and the boys seemed not disturbed in the least. I come to catch the plane next morning. Bendoo visited, and safe back across the lake, I bade Brother Cyrus and the boys good-bye and took the plane at 4 A.M. the next morning.

MISSIONS AND STATIONS OF OTHER BOARDS VISITED

I visited the Brewerville Mission, principal station of the Lott Carey Convention, long the scene of the labors of the late Dr. W. H. Thomas. I spent a pleasant week-end there, visited and placed a wreath on the tomb of Dr. Thomas. I spoke and preached twice to the school body. Mrs. Thomas and her son, David, made it very pleasant for me. They are doing a fine work.

Next I visited Ricks, five miles from Brewerville, the educational and missionary objective of the Liberian Baptist Convention. It is more than a hundred years old, but has had a hectic history and is now in a rundown condition for lack of proper leadership and support. It is hoped that the Rev. Samuel Stubblefield, who is a well prepared young native, may bring to it the leadership and support needed.

Other schools and stations I visited are all doing good work. I will mention them without comment, with one exception, which is the work of Dr. Daniel R. Horton. They are, by name and location, as follows: College of West Africa,

Mr. E. Church, Monrovia, Liberia College, Liberian Government, Monrovia; Booker T. Washington Industrial Institute, Stokes-Phelps Fund, Kakatown, in the interior; Pentecostal, Monrovia; Bromley, Episcopal, in Virginia; Muhlenberg, Lutheran, at Millsburg.

SPECIAL MENTION OF DR. HORTON'S WORK

I reserved space and time to comment on Dr. Horton and his work for what, to me, is of pure missionary and educational value and which marks him the true Christian missionary and statesman. He is doing and has what it takes to correct the misdirected policy referred to elsewhere. About twenty-seven years ago, he and his young bride, Mrs. Ora Horton, who through the years has been proven to be his faithful, efficient and loving wife, sailed for Liberia, West Africa, as missionaries under the Foreign Mission Board of the National Baptist Convention. Dr. Horton is a Lincoln University man. Mrs. Horton is a Philadelphian and a product of Spelman College. For many years he worked faithfully and effectively among the Bassa and other tribes, under the Foreign Mission Board. Then, unfortunately, a break came with the administration of the board. Sadly, and feeling forsaken by most American friends, but still believing that God was with them, Dr. and Mrs. Horton went forth barehanded among the heathen tribes and have been without outside help ever since, except the little Dr. J. B. Brandon sends them through his direct mission movement and a few friends.

Time has proven the wisdom of Dr. Horton's course and that God has been with him by the things accomplished and the way they have been blessed while remaining in that hot, malaria-ridden country. He believes in preaching first, converting the heathen as a foundation for Christian teaching, and then teaching. As a result, thousands have been converted and twenty-odd churches organized. He has built a fine native church in Monrovia and runs a good school. The natives themselves bought the land, paying \$500.00 for the plot, and built and paid for the church. Throughout the twenty-odd churches, they buy their own land and build

and pay for their church structures. There is a convention of native churches that raises more than \$1,000.00 per year. This convention has a large land holding and Dr. Horton has a five-year plan to raise \$25,000 among the natives. He has also organized a benefit society to help the sick and give the dead a Christian burial. He has improved their farming, livestock, and poultry raising and showed Liberia, for the first time, the value of milking cows and churning butter. Besides all this and much more, he has reared a fine family of boys and girls. He has built a fine, large and beautiful home on seventeen acres of land in the heart of Monrovia. He has a large farm and rubber plantation and has done more for Liberia than any other single-handed missionary, living or dead, because he has taught the natives to help themselves—the true end of missions.

Regardless of what happened years ago, Dr. Horton still loves the National Convention and the Foreign Mission Board and wants to come back and cement our Baptist work in Liberia for Christ and the good of Africa. To this I say amen. He hopes to visit the U.S.A. in 1946, at which time I hope and pray that the leaders of Dr. Brandon's movement, the Foreign Mission Board and Dr. Horton will do the big thing, as Christians, by closing the gap for Christ and Africa.

SPECIAL MENTION

During all of my stay in Monrovia I was the house guest of the Hon. William E. Dennis, Secretary of the Treasury of the Republic of Liberia, and Mrs. Dennis. The Hon. Lester A. Walton, U. S. Minister to Liberia, was indeed kind and considerate to me and most helpful in every way.

THE TIMELINESS OF MY VISIT

My trip to Liberia could not have been more opportunely timed: with the five U.S.A. missions there, sent by the Government at Washington, the building of the \$12,000,000 harbor at Monrovia by the United States, the planned Centennial celebration of the Republic of Liberia in 1947, and the fact

that most of the nine principal foreign mission boards with work in Liberia either had, or were expecting their secretaries on the field to plan their work to cope with the expanding program of Liberia. If I had not gone, our work and workers would have been greatly embarrassed and the good name and dignity of the National Baptist Convention lowered. I felt very sorry for those whose work and workers were suffering such **embarrassment**.

Our hospital in Monrovia was coordinated with the Liberian National Health and Hospital program, and all of our stations were put on progressive bases, as a result of this trip. Also, many local knotty problems of personal difficulties and adjustment in our stations were settled by organization and changes. Missionaries do not become angels simply because they are sent to Africa; they take their real selves and dispositions with them. Most of them are loveable, understanding, hard-working and easy to get along with and have ability to get along with others. There are a few who are not able to work with others and are downright trouble-makers.

LIBERIA'S NATURAL RESOURCES

The richness of the Liberian soil abounds from one end of the country to the other, and the mere sticking of seed and plants into the earth assures abundant growth. It has been proven that all plants and vegetables that are indigenous to the United States can be successfully grown there. Cotton grows wild, as well as pineapples. All tropical and subtropical fruits are found there. Fish are easily accessible, and the many rivers lend themselves for possible irrigation and to be harnessed by power for damming. Much gold is found there; recently large deposits of iron ore have been found, and there are possibilities of diamond and oil deposits. All of these things await and invite exploitation and use. Many of the Liberians have very large rubber plantations. One man, Mr. James Cooper, has 850 acres in rubber (his

goal is 1,000 acres) and he is rich in his own right from his rubber income.

THE BEAUTY OF LIBERIA

The beauty of Liberia, I think, can best be described by calling it one continuous riot of beauty—and stop there—for the many varieties of flowers, plants, trees and shrubbery that grow and bloom there the year round; the placid lakes, winding rivers, heaving seashore, extending plains, hills and majestic mountains at least defy me to attempt description. Monrovia, the capital city, from the standpoint of location may be called the 'city beautiful.' The city is located on a high elevation and is flanked on three sides by the Atlantic Ocean, Monrovia Bay and the Mesurado River, and fanning south back into the country. Most streets have been cut through, paved or hard-surfaced, and there are many large and beautiful buildings and homes. The stores, owned mostly by Syrians, and market places are bazaars of curiosities, especially on Saturdays. The city also abounds in markings of historic interest.

THE WAY I TRAVELED

My means of getting from place to place in Liberia were varied, from long, hot walks into the interior bush and fording creeks up to airplane travel. Horses are not used in Liberia. I saw only one horse in the whole of Liberia, and not a mule or burro. I saw only one yoke of oxen in primitive use. The heads of boys and women are the customary means of transportation for passengers and freight in all the uncivilized interior. Besides walking, I made many trips up and down various lakes and rivers in sizeable motor-boats that can carry upward of fifty persons inside and on top, and by canoes that are merely dugouts of large trees, paddled by native boys. I took only one short ride in a hammock on the heads of native boys, to study the psychological reactions of that manner of transportation. I must say I do not

not like the idea of missionaries or anybody else riding on the heads of Africans, to whom they preach the gospel of equality, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. To bring the practice of that gospel in line with its preaching demands that the missionaries walk with them as brothers. I cannot conceive of Christ on earth, in body, riding on people's heads because He was afraid of getting fever or becoming too tired and too hot. I took many long walks far out into the interior in the hot African sun that seems to shine with a heat that scalds one in perspiration. Water pours from the body until there is not a dry thread on one, from head to foot, while there is sometimes not a drop of water to drink for many hours, with sea, rivers, lakes and wells all about. I had been cautioned to drink only boiled water. I thank God that I did not suffer the least illness. I only became tired and hungry, so I could eat and sleep well. In this way I visited many towns and chiefs back in the bush and preached to them through an interpreter.

While in Monrovia, many persons, including President Tubman, the Hon. W. E. Dennis, former President King, U. S. Minister Lester A. Walton, Bishop J. Willis King, Mrs. Morris, Chaplain Falconer and others greatly helped me with their cars, affording many trips to Firestone and far out into the interior in different directions, where good roads are now being built. On both of my trips to Suehn I was met and returned to Millsburg in Suehn's station wagon, which is the life of Suehn. It is now eight years old; we must give them a new one at once.

I made three trips up and down the coast by airplane. When I was to leave Monrovia for Fisherman's Lake, no plane was scheduled for that day, but through the courtesy and good offices of U. S. Minister Lester A. Walton, the Pan American Airways made arrangements to send a special plane, from Fisherman's Lake, to get me. That was another of the unexpected and undreamed-of happenings in my life. Therefore, by all the above-named means of travel I saw most of Liberia from north to south and from east to west, and numerous places and things that few Liberians, and none of

our present missionaries, have seen because of poor travel conditions, while our missionaries have been, for years, largely confined to a very limited section of the country.

RECEPTIONS AND GIFTS

I preached at the Providence Baptist Church Sunday morning, May 6. It is older than the Republic, for it was organized at sea, aboard ship, before the first settlers reached Liberia. This church and the Liberian Baptists gave a reception for me, at which time the city turned out. The church presented me with works of ivory. From the Liberian Baptists came a pure, Liberian gold open Bible, mounted on a pin, and a solid, engraved ivory gavel. From the staff of Carrie V. Dyer Memorial Hospital I received book-ends of hard African wood, engraved and studded with ivory. Suehn's gift was a fine ivory and camwood walking stick. Dr. and Mrs. D. R. Horton and the Siloam Baptist Church gave a solid, engraved ivory gavel, a mounted crown of pure African gold, a brooch of the same metal for my wife, a Liberian flag and other gifts. From Mrs. Bryant, at Suehn, there was a red monkey skin; from Chief Johnson, a leopard skin; from Chief Goba, an ivory tusk and country cloth. From two other persons I received bushcat skins; from Mr. Bryant, an ivory tusk; from Bendoo, an ivory ebony-wood walking stick and accessories; and from all the chiefs came chickens as tokens of good will for my "pepper soup", as they called it.

I was guest of honor for dinner at the country estate of President Tubman, had various conferences with him, and was invited by him to attend four special occasions. I was invited for lunch at the U. S. Legation by Minister Lester A. Walton and was also guest of honor at the country estate of former President King and Mrs. King, at a reception given by Dr. and Mr. D. R. Horton, at breakfast with Bishop and Mrs. J. Willis King, of the M. E. Church; and at a dinner given by my hosts, the Hon. and Mrs. William E. Dennis, on my final departure from Monrovia. These were all the invitations of special nature I could accept—although there were many more—because of press of time and duty that took me far afield. Modestly I must

report, in this connection, it was widely and loudly acclaimed from all quarters, that never before did a secretary or church representative receive from Liberia such a welcome and reception as I did. Be that as it may, I truly hope that Christ will get all the glory and His cause all the benefit.

SOME DEFINITE CONCLUSIONS ABOUT CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

1. Negro missionaries are the best fitted and most welcome and trusted to work among Africans. Others are doing a good and much-needed work, but they do not and can not get the close-up and confidential approach as can Negro missionaries. For this reason our debt and responsibility are most heavy and sacred.

2. Hereafter missionaries must be selected more prayerfully and thoughtfully, and not for the good of the missionary or to satisfy the whims of a church, state or section of the country. Many missionaries sent out in the past should have been left at home, for they not only had no contribution to make but were actually detrimental to the cause of missions.

3. Missionaries sent out in the future must be trained and more roundly equipped by education and in general humanities.

4. The time has come in the mission program on foreign fields that we need to send only a few well trained, well paid and truly Christian American missionaries to supervise and direct the work at the various stations, with the help of native workers, teachers and preachers who have been converted and trained through the years in mission schools and otherwise. The special workers of highest training, including preachers, teachers, doctors, nurses, farmers, mechanics, etc., must be paid on the American scale of salaries. Only the best must be sought and sent, for only such can meet the demands.

5. Missionaries should not make themselves officious in matters of government in countries to which they are sent and

should refrain from unwise, unfounded criticism in matters of hearsay and for which they don't know the background and the other side. Unfortunately, some missionaries have not been so wise in this respect. Above all, they must avoid politics and be true representatives of Christ.

6. In the maze of efforts to educate the people, build schools, hospitals, teach farming, trades, etc., the missionary must be ever conscious of the danger of losing Christ and the objective of the missionary purpose in the scramble. This calls for much watchfulness and prayer, lest we find out too late that the builder of the house has built in vain and the watchman of the city awoke, but in vain. This is a danger that makes me tremble with fear.

7. Mission boards must stop temporizing in missions and build permanently on long-range, well-conceived and thought-out plans and go all out to redeem the heathen world to Christ by doing and giving their best.

8. Missions must become, by pastors and churches, the first and chief job of the church, to fail which means disloyalty to Christ, failure in duty to humanity, with the result of spiritual and moral decay of the churches themselves.

9. In the light of what we have done, what we could and should have done, I am convinced that up to this time the church has been playing at missions instead of working at missions. Henceforth play must be forever done with and work in earnest begun.

10. Because of the terrific heat and pull of tropic climate on the bodies and health of missionaries, they should not be sent on the first trip for more than three years without a furlough. After that, four years, but never for more than five years. This is common humanity and even though I have sent some under five-year contracts as beginners—but not knowing the matter at firsthand—I shall not insist on that part of the contract, and have already informed them to that effect.

ANNUAL BUDGET OF \$200,000.00—OUR NEED

Two hundred thousand dollars per year is urgently needed for the next five years at least, if we are to carry out our plans of developing Suehn to a point of self-support, by constructing the building already outlined in another place in this report, and develop Bendoo, Bassa and the Carrie V. Dyer Memorial Hospital in Liberia; the Brown Memorial Mission in South Africa, the Pilgrim Mission in Nigeria, the Providence Industrial Mission and Hospital, Dr. Malekebu's work in East Africa, and the work in the Bahama Islands as well. This I am confidently asking of the constituency of the National Baptist Convention. It can be done, it must be done, and it will be done by all who are now giving if they continue to give and give a little more, and by 2,000 pastors and churches who have given little or nothing, lining up in a definite way. The drive for 5,000 more new monthly regular contributors must be renewed and pushed with vigor and determination. If you are not a regular giver, the appeal is to you to line up now and let the office of the Foreign Mission Board hear from you definitely and regularly.

THE PLACE OF CHRISTIAN DIPLOMACY IN MISSIONS

The Apostle Paul, chief of missionaries, declared that we are ambassadors in Christ's stead, but never before have the art and science of diplomacy required in the successful operation of missions in foreign countries and different customs so appealed to me as on this trip. There has dawned on me, with all its importance, the necessity of bringing into play all the finesse that is honorable, truthful and Christlike in the highest sense of diplomacy. A careless word or statement, a statement of policy in education that might conflict with the national setup, a show of non-interest in the local status quo, or the aloofness of indifference—as if your homeland were the last word in everything good—and a hundred and one other things—any or all—may be blunders, easily yet unintentionally, made and cause irreparable harm to mis-

sions that may require a generation—or generations—to overcome. How frightful the thought!

The sad truth is, not all secretaries of various boards who have visited the work in Africa have steered clear of all these blunders that have left behind effects lingering like undispelled nightmares. To avoid making some of these mistakes, one must stay on the mental alert at all times and in all places. The secretaries of foreign mission boards are regarded as the mouthpieces and symbols of the spirit and purpose of the groups sending them. Therefore, the impressions for good or evil the secretaries make engender the spirit and attitudes of foreign lands toward the churches, denominations or other groups sending them. How carefully, then, should these secretaries demean themselves, and with what religious fear should they represent their Christ, their denominations and their boards.

LIBERIA

In the case of Liberia, everybody from the President down, is informed of an impending visit of a secretary, and he is received with open arms of welcome and cordiality. Word goes to all the departments of the government, and from one end of the coast to the other, of his coming and arrival. This, of course, is because the country is small—about the size of Tennessee, my home state, 43,260 square miles—and also more because it is a Negro republic of our kith and kin. Nevertheless, it has its natural characteristics and aspirations, purely Liberian, worthy of all respect and recognition and, above all, loving understanding. There is so much to please, appreciate and encourage, and one is so constantly thrilled by the challenges ever crying for exploitation and utilization, that if one is so minded, it is easy to forget the shortcomings and become overwhelmed in the possibilities and promises for the future.

The Liberians, from the President down, are anxious for educated, honest and progressive Negroes with a vision to come to their aid, but no laggards, half-wits or goody-goodies need apply. The needs and demands are for the best or nothing.

BACK TO THE POINT OF DIPLOMACY IN MISSIONS

I was not long out of the States and not long in the Caribbean and South American sections when I was confronted with the need of trying my hand at the art of diplomacy. A new situation presented itself. With the problem of getting through the maze of red tape and priority travel in wartime, plans upset, connections missed, and in strange countries and cities, a job confronted me—a real problem. It had to be solved, if possible, and it had to be done by me. I was on my way to Africa in the interest of the Lord's work, so I asked the Lord to go with me, and not only to go with me but also to go before me. With this petition, I set out to different cities and countries wherever the need developed, contacting consulates, military and naval authorities at military and naval bases. To these officials I magnified my office and the importance of my trip. I stated the background of the National Baptist Convention and the dignity of its humanity role in the world. The result was, they were, without exception, most considerate and did not refuse my request. In that way I secured two priorities, one from Belem to Natal and another from Natal to Africa on an Army transport by way of Accra, Gold Coast, West Africa. Therefore, with thanks to the Lord, I gave myself a pat on the back and took credit for a good job of diplomacy—good because I was successful.

LIBERIA CALLS FOR A NEW TYPE OF DIPLOMACY

On my arrival in Monrovia and after visits made to many parts of the Republic, I found that a new technique of diplomacy should be the order of the day in that country by missionaries, both as applied to the government and mission stations. It must be directed by the heads of the mission boards through their stations on the field. The first job must be with the mission stations themselves.

It is a difficult and touchy task to handle and direct missionaries on the field. In the first place, many, if not most of them, were unwisely selected, and they are poorly prepared, in too many cases, by training and temperament for the work. The only cure for such a situation is to get better missionaries by thoughtful and prayerful selection. This calls for time and patience. The second thing to be corrected in mission work through the stations is the practice of a well-intended but a long misdirected policy of attempting to overdo for the natives, which results in making them helpless instead of becoming efficient and independent, to do for themselves, and helpful to others. The new note in missions must be to help the natives to a Christian position of personal dignity and self-help and never do for them the things they can and should do for themselves, for to do otherwise is not a Christian service but a disservice, a curse and not a blessing. Here, too, time, thought, prayer and patience must be brought to bear to change a long misdirected policy, but it must gradually and effectively be done or the mission purpose will defeat itself. The mission task, not only in Liberia but the world over, is to keep itself Christian and make its work Christian work.

The second job was the relation of missions to the Liberian Republic. When I arrived in Liberia, I found the country on the verge of a new epoch, with the approach of the celebration of Liberia's Centennial Jubilee in 1947. In Monrovia there were five missions sent out by the United States Government, all but one headed by Negroes, besides the harbor construction program by the American Government. These missions plus what Firestone is doing will doubtless prove the new blood transfusion that Liberia needs. There must be a new day ahead for the country, and therefore the mission program that does not gear itself to fit into this new pattern of the new Liberia will find itself out of step and outmoded. To that end, our hospital in Monrovia, which was the only one open there for some years and which had given such fine service, had to have its future well secured. So, while there I succeeded in having it reorganized, set up a board of management, gave \$2,000.00 for instruments and equipment, \$500.00 for an electrical plant, \$5,000.00 for the next six months' operation and improvement—a total of \$7,500.00—and coordinated it with the Health Mission, headed by Col. John B. West, and the Government Hospital. Plans are also under way for another building of equal size to the present one, and to the new nurses' home we are going to build an annex for missionaries' headquarters and rest.

All the schools at our stations are in perfect cooperation with the government school system in books used, standards and other requirements. We also have an understanding with President Tubman to bring worthy young persons who have received what education they can there to this country for higher training, and then return them to Liberia. Our mission is to help the Republic of Liberia, by helping to convert the heathen, making of them Christian citizens, through the preaching and teaching of the Gospel of Christ, and helping to develop their resources.

THE RETURN TRIP HOME

With a life's dream of a visit to Africa realized, my mind turned homeward to wife, family, friends and work, with a determination to vigorously put into operation the plans formulated on the trip. These plans are detailed and far-reaching, to be carried out step by step over a period of ten years. With the favorable contacts made with the Liberian Government, the various U.S.A. missions and our work and workers, I am confident of the fruition of these plans, by the help of God, through the cooperation of the churches of the National Baptist Convention.

On leaving Liberia, I felt very humble and grateful to God, for not one thing I went to do was unaccomplished. Much that I had been unaware of confronted me while there, but all issues had been successfully met. I could truly look up to God and say I had done my best and praise His name for giving the needed wisdom that never failed in the crucial moments of solving problems and making decisions. I had truly been on a mission for Christ and humanity, and whatever privations, hardships and dangers I had experienced were elements that heightened my satisfaction and joy. I had long since learned that things done the hard way and in spite of danger and difficulties are the crowning joy of achievement. The Lord's promise is not to eliminate danger and trouble but give strength and help to surmount and go through them.

The return trip was largely a repetition of the scenes and experiences of the journey over. Only the stretch from Fisherman's Lake to Natal was new and added a new experience. That is, the shortest point across the Atlantic Ocean to Africa, just about 1,600 miles from Natal, is alto-

gether a different and much nearer way than the route I followed, going over. The weather conditions across the ocean were perfect for flying at a very high altitude of from 12,000 to 15,000 feet, with splendid visibility, and the plane shot through the heavens like a great bullet. The 1,600-mile trip was made non-stop in one great hop. This hop was made in Pan American Airways' biggest and finest clipper, with all modern facilities and provisions for more than thirty persons to sleep in Pullman fashion.

When I arrived in Natal, it had many earmarks of a homecoming, because during my stay of eight days in Natal on my way over, I made many friends. At the Army camp officers and soldiers (all white) called my name familiarly and acted as though they had known me for many years, asking me anxiously about my trip. On my return to the Grande Hotel, my welcome was cordial and heart-warming. Nevertheless, I was eager to get back home. "Home, sweet home; there is no place like home." I had had enough of globe-trotting for the time being.

The next scheduled Pan American plane on which I was assured a seat was more than two weeks hence—probably three weeks. I got busy again, through the American Consulate and the Army officers at the camp, and wired the State Department in Washington for priority on a transport plane. After a few days the priority came through, and in due time I boarded an Army transport plane for a twenty-four-hour non-stop flight, except for fueling, for Miami. From Florida I came by plane to Washington, and from Washington to Philadelphia by train, reaching home late in the after-

noon of June 1st. I could truly join the writer of the hymn in saying:

“Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come.
‘Twas grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.”

Again and finally, I want to thank one and all who had the least hand in helping to make this trip possible and successful.

